NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

THE REW-YORK DAILY TRIBURE IS PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,)

ATTENT MORNING, (SUNDATS EXCEPTED,)

At The Tribune Buildings, corner of Spruce
and Nasau streets, opposite the City Hall,
and delivered to City Subscribers for 122 cents per week,
when they prefer, they can pay in advance at the Deak
of a months or a year at the same rate. Single copies
for Conta Mail Subscribers Five Dollars per anound, to
senance. Subscriptions taken for six months. For three
mails \$1.50. Three Dollars in advance required in all exsanges with Country Newspapers. Daily papers received
a this office, whose terms are higher than those of The
felbots, are not allowed any difference.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. Payment Required in Advance, Significant Notices.—12; conts per line, each insertion General Notices.—Six lines or less, each insertion cents; over six lines 2 conts per line each day.

Scents; over fix lines 2 cents per line each day.

General Advertisements.—INSIDE—Eight lines, ries, each insertion, 50 cents; over eight lines, 6 cents withe each day.

GUTSIDE—Eight lines or less, each insertion, 25 cents; over eight lines, 5 cents per line per day, or 75 cents per per mouth.

Religious and TEMPERANCE NOTICES and MARRIAGES of FURRAL INVITATIONS, not exceeding 36 words, will a inserted for 25 cents.

Legal Advertisements—At the rates fixed by the mante.

all Advertisements inserted in this paper appear both in Morning and Evening Editions.

WEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE
AVERY LARGE PAPER 1 DR THE COUNTRY is pubthed every Saturday Moras ... at the low price of \$2 per
cone in advance. Eight comes for \$10, or twenty copies
one address for \$20, and the paper in no case combined
averagements for this sheet will be charged 20 cents
with each insertion.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE published every Wednesday and Saturday morning-tic 5 per annum. Two copies for 85.

Avertisements 6 cents a line each insertion

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE

For European Circulation,
published on the departure of each Mail Steamer for
Everyood, Price St cents per copy, or St per your, pos age THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE

California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. published on the departure of each Mail Scamer & Chagres. Price of cents per copy.
GREELEY & McELRATH, Publishers.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. XXVth Annual Exhibition.

In reviewing the figure composition pictures we ske Mr. J. T. PEELE's works first, because the sbject of his large picture, No. 10, "The Child's Passage to Paradise," is of high pretension and is reated after the classio manner. He has a fine alent as well as great perseverence, and this work shows much study from prints after the good old pictures. The composition is gracefully and skillally made out, and the general tone of the picture agreeably quiet. The draperies particularly are much better than those in the flesh, which is too poses, fingers, toes and articulations are too red, or too crude a red. Yet there is great honesty in the painting throughout, good appreciation of just and appropriate form, and we do not know an artist in be country who could have treated the subject in large with more grace and delicacy of feeling. However, we are not sure that this is Mr. Peele's proper walk in art.

A few years ago, when he produced his " Sewing Girl," he became popularly known from that work; the field was open, he had made a hit, and we think ought to have followed up that class of subjects. And, however gratuitous this may seem on cer part, we have no doubt he will yet feel the ruth of the remark. No. 38, " The drink of Milk is a subject better chosen, because the artist could have nature to illustrate every part of it, and because the more nature he puts into a picture, the more successful it will be. In this also, there is the istroduction of the same crude red colors in the feeb, and particularly in the extremities. The fgure with the cow in the middle distance is printed with colors too positive. The treatment of the whole picture wants gradation, and conse quently has no atmosphere, or at best a very poor

Next in order among the highly classic and more of Pictures, comes No. 339, "The Cup of Cold Water, or the Child's Lesson on Charity," by D. Hun TINGTON. This is a much more pretentious work than Mr. Peale's: first, because it comes from the Essel of a long practiced Artist, who is acquainted by several visits to Europe, with all the works so highly prized in those countries; and because it at tempts to exemplify one of the highest, if there be my highest, among cardinal virtues. If a human raffe ing were relieved by a cup of cold, or even moderately cool water, he, or she, who administred it, might be considered as having done an act of charity. But simply to give a person a "cup f cold water," who don't look particularly dry, would seem rather a feeble lesson in so great a witne. This subject admits of ideal treatment, ted we presume, from the absence of the natural verywhere, that such treatment was here in ed. But we must not forget that this ideal ade, in its present use, merely implies genera stead of particular imitations of textures and quales, and the beautifying offorms ; but it insists upon at proportions, and in nowise admits of deformity ally we see little or nothing in the execution of is picture to admire. The painting is careless without principle; the coloring - wretched ughout; to use a technical term washed over with dirty glazings to give the appearance of tone. With a decent degree of modesty the red bodice or girl is fired up to such a degree that we are in ed to believe the artist was bent on carrying of palm from the color of the carpet and walls, e drawing, too, is shockingly bad. But we bre not the space to go regularly through the pic we, and therefore direct the attention of such peras desire to see for themselves to the head and alders of the old man. When they discover the nose and ear are situated with respect to other, the face to the occiput, where the neck sins or ends, or if the old gentleman has a neck all they will be in possession of quite enough el knowledge to examine the rest of the pic without our aid.

has a great deal of talent, for this country. It the were not good, and promised greater things articularly those done abroad, or directly after return, when the effects of the grand old maswere yet fresh in his memory. But, if possiit were a thousand fold more absurd to praise re, that has little or nothing genuine in it, because it was done by an artist who enpublic notice and favor, from having, in foryears, done things creditable to himself and his try. We remember, with pleasure, Mr. Hunn's "Mercy's Dream," and many beautiful capes, which we believe to stand alone ng his productions, and ask to be delivered from "Child's Lesson on Charity," which is deficient his the dignity of Nature and the science of

e possibly he might reply that important one, perhaps all, of certain pictures were and without Nature, from prints, &c. But the ic, although they accept an apology of this kind, not obliged to praise the work. Look at the as of the early Italian, and especially the Flormasters, before it had become the mode to Matters. You will find in them plenty of

CONTROL DAIL P-1 HADING NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850. VOL. X.....NO 2866.

to Mount's, which, deficient as it is in most of these of bad sculpture, and the introduction of the pigeon's tad drawing, worse coloring, no perspective, stiff as an appreciation of human character and feeling in it, which proves it the result of natural genius, while the other appears but as the laborious pro.

ungraceful compositions, and in fact, ignorance or

very imperfect acquaintance as to the whole

mechanism of Art. And yet those works, with all

their faults, have been admired and treasured by

two classes of persons through a succession of con

turies, namely, the religious and the educated

The reason is, that, although deficient in the

mechanical qualities of Art, they are imbued

with a sentiment so deep, so carnest, they

are so permeated with the attributes that the

their authors discovered in the subjects of their

choice, whether Virgin, Saint, Savior, Prophetor

Devil, that for the truthful delineation of these at-

tributes alone, they become inestimably dear and

sacred. Had Orcagoa, Fra Angelico, or Giotto,

been traitorous to their genius, undeviating reliance

upon which was their scorner of inspiration and

means of progress; had they disregarded the mis-

sion that by the gifts of nature they were called to

execute, turning their skill into channels of mer-

cenary traffic, these works, now so prized would

have been forgotten, or remembered only to be re-

corded against them as witnesses of their infidelity

No. 201. "News from the Gold Diggiegs," by

W. S. Mount. Before this little picture we pause

with some degree of pleasure. An earnest love

for Nature, so far as the a tist understands her, is

displayed throughout, and the charm of the work

lies in the delineation of common characters that

have fallen in his way. It is a very natural scene

-such as might have occurred anywhere about the

country during the gold excitement. The acces-

sories have more to do with telling the story than

the grouping of the figures or the expression of

their faces. Perhaps the happiest piece of paint

ing in it is the face and hat of the negro, which has

all the air of a successful copy from Nature. One

reason doubtless is, that the artist, who seems to

possess little or no faculty for color, had in this in-

stance fewer difficulties to overcome, the flesh be-

ing brown, and hence his greater apparent success.

The artistic treatment of the back-ground is that of

ignorance or inexcusable eccentricity. For instance

in the wall which forms the back-ground, there is an

open door, and beyond are indications of a sky and

distant scenery, done with so nearly the same tone

and kind of colors that it is entirely confounded

with the wall, which is a dull, monotonous gray.

But in nature the sky seen through such a wall, un-

der any circumstances, would be luminous if not

bright. There is a good deal of natural happy ex-

pression in the painting of the faces. But the

whole picture is radically deficient both in cold

and chiaro-scuro, the latter being uniformly dull

and without gradation, while the flesh is either red

and hard or else chalky. As regards telling the

story, this is not equal to several of Mount's earlier

works, among which we cite the "Bargaining for

a Horse," as one of the most successful. This, if

we remember with accuracy, had a uniform excel

lence in almost every desirable quality. Of late

years Mr. Mount's works have fallen off both in ex

ecution and epigramatic power, and he would do

well to return to that simplicity of nature which

No. 229 is a "Market Scene by Candlelight," by

did so much for him in the beginning of his career

P. VON SCHENDEL, painted perhaps in Belgium

for it contains all the academic conventionalities

of the schools there in vogue. You do not need

the catalogue to know what it is: it is to all intents

and purposes a market scene and nothing else. The

scene is in a European city where, as a matter o

course, the public square is a market, and where you might at almost any time find women congre

gated, standing or seated near tables. But to

make it unmistakable what he intends to repre

sent, Mr. Von Schendel has covered the table with

vegetables and other objects of traffic, and has in-

troduced a burning candle. His most careful efforts

are next devoted to these as principal agents in

telling his story. Apples, carrots, onions, cab

bages, &c. all have their peculiar textures, forms

and colors imitated to a degree which makes the

The next important thing is the candle-

imitation of this, is only equalled by the scientific

knowledge brought to bear in its execution. Here

the truly profound artist worked doubtless with a

security derived from a consciousness of his insight into the philosophy of Nature. He knew that all

flame is hollow; that its volume is round; that its

exterior surface is less bot than its center; that the

intenser the heat the whiter the flame; and con-

sequently that as the eve advances on the surface

toward the edge, it perceives a bue more yellow

At the lower edge there are two or three touches

of pure blue and white, intensifying that portion,

but not darkening it, because the nature of blue is to

transmit much of the light it receives. The radia-

tion from the volume of flame is managed with so

great skill that we pronounce it the finest repre-

septation of candlelight we have ever seen. There

is a difference between the quality of light upon

the objects illuminated and that of the source of

illumination, which is not satisfactorily accounted

for by the textures and qualities of the objects

In this respect the picture is alightly false. The

sellows and reds, no matter to what degree they

are modified, appear with their maximum of

warmth from being surrounded by the cold gray tone pervading the sky and buildings. The heads

are well drawn, without baving either character

or beauty; but yet they are agreeable because

they possess a degree of symmetry. The color of

the flesh is bad, and has in no degree whatever the

imitation of its peculiar qualities, as contradistin

guished from the qualities of carrots, cabbages and

apples. The draperies and other accessories are

painted evidently from nature, with care as to

form and relative gradation; indeed, much of the

attractive power of the picture is due to this last,

We have spoken at considerable length upon this

picture for two reasons: first, because it has met

with universal commendation, for we have scarcely

spoken to a person who pretends to connoiseur

ship about the exhibition who did not regard it as

the chef d'auere of the collection; next, because it

is a fair illustration of some of the laws of criticism

we laid down in our Third Article. We call it

then a picture after the manner employed in paint-

ing Still Life, namely, the utmost possible imitation

of the qualities, forms and textures of natural ob-

jects, but successful in these respects, only in the

things easiest to imitate. Living flesh, of all ob

jects in Nature, is perhaps the hardestto reproduce.

because it has a hue imparted by the heat which

animates it, which renders its imitation exceeding-

ly difficult. In this respect Mr. Von Schende

makes an entire failure. But with all the ex-

cellent painting in his Market Scene, there is

not an idea in it above the range of car-

rots, apples, onions, cabbages, and candlelight,

nor any evidence whatever, that the artist, in his whole life, has had an idea above the imitation. It affords as satisfaction to refer from this picture back

named quality.

than that in the center, because it is less heated.

individuality of each distinct and unmistakable.

to nature, art and religion.

truth seeking spirit and intellect o

duct of mechanical skill. No. 212. " Dol e fer Nieute." by T. Hicks, is hung so high above the line of the eye, that the effect of the pers ective is much destroyed, and we thought at first that the principal figure was the same lazy, ragged, vagabond Italian boy that every artist in Italy paints; but we see by the largeness of his eyes, and their deep melancholy expression, that he is not. There is a fine effect of daylight about this picture, and the forms of the clouds are aweeping and freely painted.

Another p cture by Mr. Hicks, called " Fountain at Palestrina, vear Rome," No. 239, resembles Von Schendel's in one respect-namely, that it has no intellectual idea in it. Pictures of genre are too frequently of this character. The artist uses every variety of material, from men, women. children, trees, mountains, sky, architecture, animals, down to pigments, oils, varnishes, and a score of mediums with quack names, merely it would seem, to employ himself, and to show what degree of skill he has acquired in the use of natural ob jects as applied to picture-making; not to express thought or feeling, not to instruct his fellows by imparting to them through his art an idea or sentiment, whether of general interest or personal to himself. His picture is done and thrust before the public, simply as [an example of "savoir faire. There is, however, an interest of its own in thi picture. It is truly Italian, the figures are drawn with force and character, the costumes are pictur esque and well painted, and the landscape, though accessory, has variety, atmospheric gradation, and is flooded with sunlight. No. 162. "Une Fete Champétre," is by the same artist. We do not see that the title explains the treatment of the picture. As far as we can understand it, groups of figures and trees are brought together as means to exemplify some principle powerfully contrasting light and dark, combining color and great depth of tone. This picture, some of the critics observe, is in the manner of the French school and in the style of Diaz, the eminent colorist. But if No. 194 be by him, (so marked in the catalogue,) we are at a loss to trace the resemblance of style. One peculiarity we notice in the works of Mr. Hicks is, that in their chiaro-scuro they descend from a brilliant or bright yellowish white down through gradations of color to the intensest brown, giving great force and agreeable tone. His color, however, is too pigmentary and not sufficiently

prismatic. the Second Ship." by T. P. Rossiter, is a spirited composition, with much vigor of sentiment. The color is rather dry and dull, and the figures most truthful drawing from Nature. No. 240. "Huguenots in skiffs going to the Charleston Harbor, to Worship," has a fine quality of daylight throughout, but is very badly hung. No. 312. "Filial Du-ty," is by the same artist. The sentiment of this picture is both tender and elevated; the background and accessories well pointed. all small works, and do not sustain Mr. Rossiter in the position where his larger pictures have placed

No. 102, "Queen Catherine," by EDWIN WHITE, is a picture full of quiet merit, which lies in the color more than in the drawing and character. Mr. White has a deep love for the quiet, gentlertones of color in nature, is a diligent and conscientions sta dent of all her higher beauties, and we understand has gone to Europe to continue his studies. Nos. 251 and 263 are also by Mr. White and indicate very truthful feeling for color and tone.

No. 208, "Newsboy," by F. R. SPENCER, is the work doubtless of a beginner with the brush, and remarkable for the originality of the subject. The placards on the wall which forms the background are lettered with the fidelity of the daguerreotype, but the boy seems to have been introduced as an accessory vaguely defined, and rather wanting in character. Lettering seems to be the forte of Mr. NEY, and in them there is a fine appreciation of character and natural drawing; but no conception of light and shadow, or of color. Mr. Clonney always tells the story, but it would be much better to draw in crayons than to draw in paint ; for instance, upon stone-his works would then be valuable acquisitions to our National Engravings. No. 111, "On the Wing," is by WM. RANNEY. There is fine intention throughout this picture. The drawing is not by any means fault less, nor are the forms entirely well chosen, nor is the color all that might be desired; but there is the proper concentration of character and purpose united in the man, boy and dog, that tells at the whole story. The game is naturally and bean

tifully painted. No. 211 is "The two Culprits," by W. F. Ep. MONDS. We remember better things by Mr. E. The idea of his pictures is never spontaneous. It seems as if, after some thinking, he decided to paint such a subject, but never as if the full idea came with force at once upon his imagination. No. 223 is less good. No. 234, "The Jilt," by HUSNER a Dusseldorf painter, is far from being a fair example of that clever artist's work. The story is as well told, perhaps, as it could be with the conventional drawing and character employed, but the coloring throughout is mannerised, disagreeable to the eye, and untrue to Nature .-No. 197. A little picture of clever intention, by ALFRED JONES, the engravor. There are nine figure pictures in the collection, by Mr. WEIR. From their size and the way in which they are executed, we are led to suppose them got up for some publisher to have engraved. Four pictures by H. MULLER, are indifferent, conventional productions of some of the European schools. No. 137. "The Firs Ship," by J. B. STEARNS, has some fine points of intention. The sky is simple and the water calmer, but the figures want more nature in the drawing, and better delineation of characterinthe faces. 'In No 123, "Love in the Country," by the same artist, the

cow is rather small for the proportion of the figures. Another picture of "Lorenzo and Jessica," No. 51, is by G. W. FLAGG. Whether it is the fault of the subject we do not know, but pictures of Lorenzo and Jessica are seldom very natural. Mr Aliston, it is said, painted one which is very beautiful, and about four hundred English artists have played some pictorial trick upon this unfortunate couple, so that at last they seem to have been done brown. Can't say if No. 51 has more nature in it than no 129, but it is much more ideal, has more sentiment, and Jessica's face is Jowish and pretty. No. 28. "Arabian Astrologer, and the Gothic Prin cess," is by L. LANG. Astrologer, badly drawn rincess pretty in idea. No. 397. "Tamborine Girl" is in its character Italian, childlike and agree able. No. 12. "Hagar and Ishmael." by Signa COURTE, is a work of the Roman School conventional in composition, hard, dry, unnatural in execution. The figure of the angel looks like a piece

wings on his shoulders is the only original th

No. 282 "The Faries at Play," by C. MAYR is a barefaced crib from a picture in the Düsseldorf collection and is vacant of every claim to nature, truthinvention or decency: how it ever got the position it has on the walls seems a mystery. Perhaps the hanging comm tree thought its resemblance to the clever German picture sufficient merit. Perhaps there was another reason.

No. 80 "The Young Pedlar," by James Brown has some feeling for character, and there are other things, one by J. Thompson No. 30 "The Pic nic," which deserve notice. The artist wants more observation of human character and more truth to nature in the drawing of his figures. There are also things by CARTER, HENRICH, MAR-SIGLIA, and others, which our limits forbid us to touch on. Our next business is with the Sculpture.

THE OPERA.-The Havana Opera Company announce for Monday evening for the first time in the United States, MEYERBEER'S Opera of " The Hu. guenots." This is the second work in which that composer met with decided success, his earlier operas. "The Two Califs." "Emma di Resburgo." &c. having failed to gain anything like general approval. It was not till "Robert the Devil" was produced-in 1830-that his present reputation be. gen to have an estatence. The new and peculiar rather than original style of the music, together with the remarkable dramatic and scenic effects which he knew how to employ, secured for this opera an mmediate and permanent run at the French Academy of Music, where it was brought out and where t is to this day a prime favorite; the resident at Paris this Summer will see it every two or three weeks announced in the bills of that establishment where, if we are not mistaken, it has been performed above four hundred times. At the other principal theaters of Europe it has been similarly ertunate, and though the critics are still in dispute concerning its merits, the public generally exhibit no doubt as to its attractiveness.

After the great success of "Robert the Devil," Movembeer was in no haste to reneat the experiment. He was careful not to risk the reputation he had acquired, and accordingly it was not till 1836 that he brought out "The Huguenots," also at the Academy of Music, or Grand Opera. Every care which the fastidious taste and unequalled management of the composer could suggest was taken to ensure a triumph for this new work Meyerbeer is in his line even a greater master of dramatic preliminaries than Barnum in his, and nothing was now omitted. The Huguenots proved successful. Still the piece has never been so popular as "Robert the Devil," and the critics have almost with unanimity assigned it a lower place as a work of art. Though the libretto, as in that opera, is from the admirable pen of Scribe, and thus far superior in dramatic unity and the gradual and forcible development of the story, to the mass of operas; though it abounds in effective scenes and striking situations, the composer has failed to keep the interest of the music up with that of the nar-

ontrast renders every part freshly impressive.

Meyerbeer's music is characterized by German somberness, solemnity, and constant use of harmonic effects on the one hand, combined with a certain brilliancy of melody and ornament, which belongs rather to the Italian School, on the other, Of these two qualities, the former seems more natural to him-more his own. In Robert the Devil there are chords which wierdly shudder through the soul of the listener like a fatal spel from which it is impossible to escape; while over that infernal harmony flit and flicker-like sunlight upon a volcano-strange, sweet gleams of sound, sometimes gathering into delicious gushes of melody, which once enjoyed, cannot be forgotten.

"The Huguenota" being altogether a matter of this earth, could not offer so fruitful a theme for either the master of scenic or of musical effect.-And yet there is no want of opportunity for both. The story is briefly as follows : Raoul de Nangis, a young Huguenot nobleman, is celebrating, with R. B. is Nevers and other Catholics, the peace lately concluded between the two parties. In the course of the festivities, he recounts his passion for a lady, whose name he does not know, but whom he once rescued from some assailants-only to lose sight of her afterward. Marcel, his servant, an old soldier, and a fanatical Huguenot, enters. He is called upon to sing, and pours forth a fierce battle song, which shows that he is no party to the While he is singing, a masked lady Valentina) approaches and desires to speak priv ately with Nevers; Raoul recognizes ber as his lost beauty, but at once conceives suspicions against her character. She has, however, come merely to break off an engagement of marriage made for her with Nevers by her father, but which Queen Margaret, who desires to give her to Raoul as a means of confirming the peace between Catholics and Protestants, has caused to be dissolved. The Queen sends for Raoul, and in the presence of the Court offers him Valentina. He, full of suspicions from her interview with Nevers, refuses her in a humiliating manner. St. Bris, (her father,) Nevers, and the other Catholics, take this as a mortal insult. A duel is arranged between Raoul and St. Bris. but the Catholics plot to kill the former treacherously as he comes to the rendezvous. Valentina, who, in the meantime, has, by her father, been made to marry Nevers, as a means of removing the stain of Raoul's refusal, overhears the plot against Raoul, and still loving him, reveals it to Marcel .-By this means it is made futile. Rapul too late convinced of the injustice of his suspicions, pave Velenting a last visit, to see her once more, and suffer bimself to be slain by her father and busband. They approach, and she prevails on him to hide himself. He overhears the plot of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and, when they have departed, Velentina detains him-implores him not to goat last confesses her love for him. He hesitates, but the bell tells the signal of death, and he delays no longer. The fifth act opens as he finds Marcel wounded. Valentina joins them; her husband has been slain in the turmoil, and she comes to entreat Haoul to flee with her to the Queen, adopt the Catholic faith, and be safe. He refuses: he will await death there, with a little band of friends who have sought refuge in a yet unviolated church At last she declares that she will accept his reli gion, and endure all with him. Then, in the gloom of the church, amid the horrors of that night, the old Marcel pronounced on them the Huguenot nuptial blessing; a band of the slaughterers force their way into the church, St. Bris at their head,

who orders them to fire. He discovers he has slain his daughter, and the curtain falls. It is undeniable that Meverbeer has done full justice to many parts of this plot. All of the music which represents the vehemence of religious fana-ticiem is singularly dark, grand and impressive. The elaborate and complex harmony is all weven

PRICE TWO CENTS.

of some Hebrew leader, executing merciless ven-geance upon the Gentiles. Those of our readers who heard the " Preche Anabaptiste" from "The Prophet," performed here last winter by Maretzeh's orchestra, can understand what they have to expect at Astor Place on Monday. Certainly these who go with either Mozart, Rossini or Donizetti in their minds will be disappointed. Meyerbeer is like none of them. His music stands by itself, and must be learned to be appreciated. Its faults we shall not here enumerate; the most prominent is a lack of condensation, and of originality of sentiment. He composes not from the inspirations of genius, so much as from science and knowledge of effects; but with a cast so excellent as that offered at Astor Place this will hardly be apparent. Certainly the work of no master was ever so well introduced to an audience in America as "The Huguenots" will be on Monday. The whole strength of the company is employed in it; Steffa-noni, Bosio, Vietti the Contralto, Salvi, Mariai, Badiali, all appear.

More of the Storm-Loss of LIFE-STEAM BOAT DISASTER.—For a few minutes during the tornado Thursday afternoon, hall of a large size came down plentifully. Some of the stones were of the size of large peas.

We hear of several trees being uprocted at Hoboken and Brooklyn.

The dome window of Stewart's store was smash-

A number of boats were upost; one near Hoboken, containing three boys, all of whom were drowned; another near Governor's Island-persons saved. The mast of a sloop was carried away.

She steamer Knickerbocker was on her voyage to Norwich, during the thunder storm, and while she was passing Yellow Rock, at the mouth of Newtown Creek, the wind suddenly took her, and drove her on the rock, where she struck, with very little prospect of getting off. Her stem and stern overhung, and it was supposed, that with the swell of the tide, she would break in two. A couple of tow boats made an ineffectual attempt to extricate her. The passengers were all taken off and returned to this City in the towboats. The freight was all taken off, and it was confidently expected that the boat would float free at high tide last night. She is not very badly injured.

The walls of four brick houses in process of erection in Thirtieth at between Ninth and Tenth ava. were prostrated.

It was rumored that a portion of the brick walls of two buildings in the course of erection at Hobo ken, were blown down with the gale, and that several masons and bricklayers had a narrow escape of their lives.

Lightning struck the gable at the rear of Mr. James Vermilyea's store, at the corner of Pell-st. A young man, named Moses Collington, who occu pies the rear of the premises as a dying establish ment, had just left the table at which he had been working a few minutes previously, and thereby

A gentleman who was at Coney Island at the time of the storm, informs us that there was no rain there. The wind blew with great violence. On his return to the City he had passed over five miles of the road before he met with any signs of rain having fallen in any considerable quantity.

The roof of the large carpenter's shop, built and occupied by Mr. Quinn, 90 and 92 Pacific st. near Smith, Brooklyn, was blown entirely off, and the rations and roof in a solid body deposited on the opposite side of the street; it carried with it a portion of the front brick work from one end to the other of the bailding in the form of a half moon the length of the factory. The building was three stories brick, 50 by 35 feet, and resembled a large factory. There was but one person in it at the time, and he escaped uninjured. A lad, on hearing the crash, ran out of an adjoining building and had both his legs broken by the falling timber. The roof was thrown to a distance of sixty feet, and injured a frame building on the opposite side to the amount of at least \$150. The windows were broken in and the front otherwise injured.

Upon the Heights, in Sands, Washington and ther streets, many beautiful shade trees were so riously broken and injured. In front of the Sandsst. M. E. Church, the two handsome Alanthus trees which withstood the great fire, were blown down and entirely destroyed.

A party of gentlemen from Brooklyn, consisting of Mesers. Charles Bass, George O. Baker, Geo Havnes and Samuel Bass, of the Pulton House, were returning from an excursion up the North River, when near Hoboken Ferry they were surprised by the squall, and the rudder of the boat broke at the same instant, rendering it unmanageable, and leaving them to the mercy of the storm which capsized them. Hundreds of people were were within the same number of yards, but no one came to their assistance save a colored man attached to Mr. Stevens's vacht, laving near the ferry. They were finally taken from their un-pleasant situation by some small boats, and their skiff left to its fate. They were on the keel of the boat during the whole of the storm.

eath of Jacob Haye.

This widely known man, the oldest officer of our City Government, and the oldest Police Officer in the country, died yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock at his residence, 46 Lispenard st. We learn that he had no defined disease, but rather expired from the effects of age and a complete prostration of the nowers of nature. He was in his savanty-ninth

A complete biography of the great Rogue-Catcher, the Fouché of America, would surpass in marvel the wild fictions of the most imaginative romancer, without departing from the sober realities of truth For fifty years Mr. Hays has been the terror of rascals of every grade, and scores of the most daring villains have been quietly brought to the bar of jus. tice by him, when there seemed to be not the remotest probability that they would be discovered. Officers who have been long associated with Mr.

Hays always speak of him as a man of the rarest attainments in his peculiar business, of the strictest integrity, of a generous and frank nature, warmhearted, kind and true.

Mr. Hays was born in Westchester County, in 1709 - he was appointed to office in 1801 by Edward Livingstop, then Mayor of the City, and has been tury. He has also held the post of Sergeant at Arms of the Board of Aldermen for many years, and has been Crier of the Court of Session out of mind. We last saw him in the Sessions where his presence had been so long a matter of course, that he was looked upon almost as a fixture of the room. He has not performed active duty for several years; in fact, the Office of High Constable is merely nominal, a sort of honorary title, there being no duty attached; while those of Crier and Sergeant at Arms are not such as to call for exer-

Since the death of Mr. H. we believe A. M. Smith is the oldest Police Officer in the City.

THE HOME FIELD OF CHRISTIAN EFFORT

dn Ad ress before the Society of Christian Inquiry of Union Theological Seminary.

questions of the age, and addresses with special

By REV. W. CLARK of Hartford, CL. My theme for the present Address shall be the Home Work of the Church—a theme pleading for attention, on the ground that it touches all the great

emphasis all the younger Ministry of the age. The student of History, who looks upon the ar rangements of the world as divine arrang and traces the inwrought plans of Providence in every fabric which Time is weaving, will note it as a conspicuous and suggestive circumstance, that the Christian Church is ever a Church encamped on the Home Field. Even in Apostolic times-is that era of History which might well be called the era of Christian invasion and conquest-how few of the converts of the age were detached from their homes, drawn to foreign fields, and set to the work of aggression and acquisition! And look over the face of the world at this moment: Of the millions of Christian men dwelling on Earth, how few are abroad, beyond the circle of Christendom, fighting

the battles, and setting up the trophics of invasion For what, now, is the Church detained thus on the Home Field! What work has she to achieve in every conquered province, and among every subject people, after she has captured the domain and set upon its hights the standard of her King?

It is no sufficient answer to this inquiry to say that the Church is detained on captured soil for purposes of self-culture and self-improvement; for the peculiar economy of Christ's Kingdom, self ends are never main ends-and the self-culture of the Church is ever an incident to some loftier enter. prise, and the satellite to some higher end.

Nor is it a sufficient answer to affirm that the Church at Home is a great Army Establishmen', enlisting recruits and gathering resources for the

The Prophets of the Old Testament and the Fath ers of apostolic times, striving to conceive, in anticipation of this great Home Work of the Church, uniformly depicted it under the figure of a social anas tasis-a reconstruction of human society. In the drama of Christian prophesy, the first great act of the Church is one of conquest, the winning of the world into the hands of herself and her King. In the progress of this opening act of the Christian Era, Daniel sees the kingdom and dominion of the great-ness of the kingdom under the whole Heaven given to the people of the Saints of the Most High. Then follows the second act of the drams. And in this the Church is discovered, reconstructing the world which she has already recaptured. The Prophets and Saints, taking material objects as divine symbols shadowing forth the invisible things of the mi regarding the visible creation of Christ as a great typical analogy of his invisible kingdom—pictured to themselves this coming reconstruction of society in the familiar hieroglyphs of Nature. And as they looked—looked into Nature—to behold her shadow. ing prophesies, and her material pictures of the distant Messianic ages the waste wilderness, cap. tured by Christian hands, began to change its face as by a new law of creation. Gardons, pastures and vines—flocks, flowers and harvests—the lowing kine, the song of shepherds, the jubilee of ringing sickles and returning reapers, covered the once sterile acres, confessing the triumphs of Christian culture. Upon the parched face of the desert appeared cool silver streams singing as they passed the torrid plain grew green with herbage-the myrtle and the lily and the rose crept from their hiding-places in the arid desert, and Nature, unfolded into, new Heaven and a new Earth, testifying in all happy courses the grace that had restored her disorders and fashioned anew the city of God, the Home of his people. This resurrection of an old Paradise, buried now in the tomb of disordered Nature, is the prophetic type of that resurrection in human society of primeval order and beauty, which the Church is to effect of later times And this image of reconstruction is the uniform conception under which the ancient faith attempted to depict to herself the Home work of the Church of the

The Home Work of the Church, then, is one of

reconstruction—as her foreign work is invasion and conquest. And if, looking at the condition of the world, we instantly discern the need of its actual conquest to Christ, do we not also discover, the noment we inspect the condition of human society, as it is within the circle of Christian conquest, the equal need of a second work-the work of renovation and reconstruction? Look at society as it is. Note the fact that every community dwelling on rate families, and that this law of domestic organi zation is one of the fundamental methods of be man development. Picture to your minds some single domain, over which Christian banners are waving, and from which ascends the daily of Christian worship. Remember that on that one field ten thousand congregated families—woven to-gether by all conceivable social ties—interlaced by innumerable electrical nerves of sympathy coursed from family to family by oo sions—organized thus into one living mass of em-bodied mind—woven into one compact and vital commonwealth—these ten thousand families dwell together, unfolding their character-elaborating their destiny. Remember, again, that out of the bosom of those families, as from ten thousand uncovered fountains, are to issue those streams of passion, purpose and character, which, min one common current, shall constitute the moral developments and the historic destinies of that great people. Consider further, what a fountain of social disorder flowing down into the future is a single family possessed and poisoned by bad passions. And then consider how many hostile may be bred and nourished in a single house, and how often, the nurture of early years, these lasts abandon the domestic hearth and become the vagrants of the world—the invaders of society. Consider, finally, what numbers of these corrupt, de-prayed and contagious households have their home in the bosom of every Christian community—pour ing their poison into all the arteries, and weaving their lusts into all the mind of the State. And what a work opens before you in this one spectacle nunity on Christian ground viewed in its families. To remodel all these domestic organiza-tions, setting in them right domestic habits and instructions—to reconstruct these primords of ciety, weaving into them new laws and new sime thus to set forth the families of a nation on a new historic career-a career of social order and virtue-this is a work waiting the advent of some competent agent—this is a work for which the waiting nations lament and sigh. But this is not the only instance of an emicent

construction and reform. Look at that scheme of social dispositions and disproportions which lies as a fundamental formula under all human society.

Organize the race, or any portion of it, into a So cial Compact—a Community—and let this organic scheme develop itself in actual history, and two ppear: 1. There will accrue great diversities as petrasts of individual character. Of two boys, brothers in the same family, one will develop the spirit and possess the espacity to rule other will betray the temper and assume the babit of submission. Of two families, starting